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SISTER M. TIMOTHY, S.C.M.M.
Editor

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ACROSS THE PAGES. . . .

FATHER LARKIN has been devoting his spare moments (after he has finished his duties as professor at the Seminary of the Sacred Hearts here in Brookland, D. C., to lecturing on Father Damien. And when we explained that though we could offer him no platform, we had a couple of pages of THE MEDICAL MISSIONARY to place at his disposal, he "exchanged the tongue for the pen!"

SERENA WARD wrote "Causa Nostrae Laetitiae" especially for the Medical Missionaries' Feast Day—but she couldn't resist "bringing us in, too," as she puts it.

DR. STEVENSON is an eye specialist from Quincy, Ill. Surgery, hunting, description, commentary—he has included them all in this brief account of his experience as an "eye doctor in India."

"I, AND ALL THE other I's in God's Kingdom, must acknowledge that a certain proportion of my prayer, zeal, time, energy and money is the Property of God, to be used in the affairs of the Kingdom of God." Miss Gage, Director of the Field Work of the National Catholic School of Social Service and also instructor in Child Welfare, approaches the Mission Intention for April from the standpoint of a Social Worker.

IF YOU'D LIKE a little five-minute skit for your next mission meeting, why not try Sister Laetitia's "Questions and Oranges"? It is "fun" with a mission flavor!

". . . . unenlightened heroism is not enough."

From his Gethsemane of mental anguish caused him by the present dilemma of the Christian world, our Holy Father is mindful of the suffering of other sheep not yet in the fold and bids us lift our hearts to God in prayer during the month of April to draw down His merciful compassion on the orphan and widow, the helpless infant and the aged, the starving and the infirm, the sick and handicapped, and all who are chained to the yoke of suffering in the vast lands of Asia and Africa. He knows that if Christ walked along the Ganges or Yangtsekiang today, multitudes would gather to beg His healing touch. But His magnetic personality is no more to be seen among the children of men; His precious hands are no more laid on the dead; the hem of His garment cannot be touched any more. He has delegated His Church to carry on His ministry to souls and bodies in all its forms. For nineteen centuries without interruption, the Church has taken the suffering under her maternal wing. She gave to the best of her ability according to the knowledge and standard of the times.

As the years roll on, God's goodness seems to unfold more and more of His secrets for the benefit of mankind. For what else is science but the searching out of the secrets of God. Medical science, to mention only one, is so highly developed now that it can save and prolong life—prevent, alleviate and cure many ills. It could change the face of the earth if it could be made available to all. In America in a relatively short period it has raised the expectancy of life from 50 to 65 years, while in India it is still only 25 years. Another instance of its efficacy is found in a recent statement of P. de Kruif:

> In eight American cities in 1900, 400 out of every 1,000 babies born alive died within the first year. Public health tackled the problem—free milk stations were established for poor families. Doctors, nurses, bacteriologists, engineers combined forces with the result that the death rate of babies in Chicago in 1936 was only 38 out of 1,000 born alive. In 36 years, the infant mortality was reduced from 400 to 36 per 1,000.

Medical science today, although still very limited in some fields, is highly successful in others. Medical science is of its nature a missionary science—it wants to be available to all without distinction of race, color or creed. Its widespread application, however, will be a long and tedious task beset by many obstacles. First and foremost is the cost. Then comes the problem of making people exert sufficient personal energy to contribute at least the minimum cooperation. This will require powerful and persistent stimuli. In the past, they have come mostly from governments and missionaries—usually from missionaries first. Efforts have not been in vain; the influence is sinking year by year into deeper strata.

Theoretically, the beautiful truths of our Faith should be absorbed eagerly by all, but experience shows that the devotees of Ramna, Buddha and Confucius are more receptive to deeds of charity done in the name of Christ, and make their deductions from them as to the nature of the religion by which they are prompted. Would it were otherwise, but as Archbishop Zanin puts it, with the ignorant and hard-hearted one has to speak the language of deeds.

The fact is, we have to take the whole man, and such as he is. If Our Lord had not made bodily healing such a prominent part of His public ministry, many (especially those who have never had a pain or an ache) would arise and say what was once said to me: "Oh, you are a missionary to the body." Our Lord, however, forestalled them and showed compassion to all manner of suffering. His healing was miraculous! Ours He makes dependent on the use of His gifts to mankind: sunshine and proper food, plants and minerals, vitamins and endocrine substances, sera and vaccines, stimulants and depressants, rubber tubes and bandages, scalpels and stethoscopes, lenses and ear-phones, incubators and formulas, plaster casts and foot arches, and a legion of other things.

In remote parts of mission countries where people are not yet accustomed to medical science, its achievements are often considered miraculous. For instance, the demonstration of the removal and replacement of false teeth caused great surprise in a Punjab village. It was a magic thing for them. One need not be in the least surprised at this. The jump from the old time guess work to experimental science is great. The Medical section of the Missionary Exhibition held in the Vatican in 1925 portrayed the old and the new very vividly. The late Holy Father when viewing it expressed his reaction by saying: "We are living in times when unenlightened heroism is not enough." Thus, the Pope of the Missions gave the watchword—the incentive to Medical Missions, the prevention, alleviation and cure of disease and suffering in the missions by the best known and most efficacious means given us by medical science, combined with utter devotion—in other words: *enlightened heroism.*

ANNA DENGEL.

By Wm. de Groot*

"Causa Nostrae Laetitiae"

By
SERENA WARD

We hear so much about "wishful thinking" in these days of psycho-analyzing and psychologizing that everyone seems to look askance at everyone else and to be fearful of having that phrase applied to himself. I wonder why? If one wishes long enough and intensely enough he is very likely to do something definite to make the wish come true.

I feel sure that it was your wishful thinking that made you achieve what you have and I am more than certain it was my wishful thinking that finally made an author out of me.

Yes. And let me tell you something else I feel certain about. Mary, most pure, was a wishful thinker. It was the intense longing of her heart and soul that made her the "Cause of Our Joy." The Mother of God.

Perhaps you, like me, when I was a little girl reciting the Litany of the Blessed Virgin, did not understand the significance of each beautiful name someone had thought to apply to Our Lady and only felt a dreamy beauty envelop you as you sang or said the prayer. Perhaps you, like me, never thought that being the cause of our joy meant giving a saviour to a sinful world. But now that we are grown up, you and I, we know that is just exactly what it means and, like little Lady Mary, we feel like chanting a private magnificat all our own, as we think—"Now if only I wished hard enough, to pray hard enough, to love deeply enough, something fine and big and true might happen even to me! And then, maybe, you sigh and forget to wish hard enough to make it real.

Little Mary never dreamed that *she* would be the Cause of Our Joy. Not even when she prayed and longed and suffered because of the sins of her people did she imagine such a thing. But pray she did and desire she did, that the Messiah, who had been so long promised and

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was so terribly needed, would soon be sent to avert the "tragic consequences" often mentioned in the scripture as meted out to a sinful people for their defection. Sinless herself, but certainly keenly alive to the state of her kin, Our Mary's intense longing, is said to have been "the last inducement for the Saviour's descent into the world," where He took up His first abode beneath the surprised but adoring and loving heart of herself.

Being a woman it pleases me to ponder over her happiness and fearfulness, as no mere man could do, at the strange and miraculous way in which her wish was fulfilled.

To her, the misunderstood, the laughed at and teased, perhaps, for her purity and reserve, to *her,* the virgin spouse of a quiet carpenter, who was as misunderstood as she, to her—to *her,* the Lord, Our *Joy,* was sent for the flesh and blood of His humanity.

"In the dimly lighted interior of a poor house in Nazareth the most decisive conversation in the world's history took place." It was the conversation between the lovely maid of the town and an angel—Gabriel. And what he said was—astonishing thing—"Hail, full of grace, the Lord is with thee." And, although, it was the first time since Adam and Eve were expelled from the garden, that an angel "had spoken with deference" to a human being, Mary was troubled and—silent. Because she was not certain that the angel was of light or of darkness. She was a virgin. She had vowed her virginity to God. How then—though she knew she stood in special relationship to the Most High—could this be?

But the great hour had come and God, Who would not be stayed, reassured His chosen, beautiful mother, of her continued virginity, yet of the maternity that was from now on, hers.

Oh yes! Let us be wishful thinkers. Look what it did for us already, although it was Mary and not you nor I who wished for a Saviour. We got Him without. But—will we keep wanting *Our Joy,* now that we have Him? Or shan't we, like others, deny that He is the Joy and turn Him down? Shall we turn down Mary and pooh-pooh her wishful thinking?

Well, that is up to you. But as for me—no matter how steep the mountain, how wild the sea, how brambled the path, I mean to keep on wishing and hoping and loving and working for a glimpse of my little Maid of Nazareth—the Cause of Our Joy—for that means a glimpse of heaven. And—who ever was satisfied with just a glimpse?

Furthermore, if I rely just upon myself, I shall probably be convinced that I am also full of grace when I am only being natural. No. That would never do. I shall pin my faith upon her whom all generations call blessed. I'll take my cue from her and believe that "He Who is Mighty, hath done great things to me" as well as to her, even if in a lesser degree. She was not wrong when she sang that—I can't be either—if I follow Mary, Our Mother, and wishfully think I'll some day see the "fruit of her womb."

To Saint Gabriel

And did your great wings hasten
To brush the stars aside,
When striding down the universe,
You sought High Heaven's Bride?

And did the earth come sighing
From the planet coil she trod,
"Is now the time appointed,
O Courier of God?"

And did the jewelled cities
Lift their shining gates:
"Dwells she within, O Messenger,
For whom the world awaits?"

And did the streets of Nazareth
Join hands and run to you,
And point the way like children—
—There—where the lilies grew?

But ah, that you could tell us
How it was that day,
When you stepped inside the dimness
Of space—and time—to pray

Before the Queen of Angels,
And heard that it might be
In words that shall go singing
For all eternity!

MARY LOUISE TINDALL.

The author captions this: "My buddies."

Eye Surgery In Indian Missions

By

Dr. Walter Stevenson, M.D.

Strange as it may seem India has an attraction for eye surgeons almost equal to the attraction that this land of mystery and poverty has for those who administer to the souls of these unfortunate people.

Not only does India offer opportunity for improvement in surgical technique and skill, it also offers an opportunity to restore vision to the blind. There is more blindness in India than in all the rest of the world; and well over half of this blindness is due to cataracts, a condition which is amenable to surgery.

A good many years ago Father Bruno Hagspiel of the S.V.D. Order of Missionary Priests, whose headquarters are at Techny, Illinois, arranged for me to go to the Indore District of India to do eye surgery. Indore is the headquarters of this Order in India, and is in charge of Msgr. Peter Janser. It is the hub with spokes radiating to various missionary centers located anywhere from 50 to 100 miles from Indore.

One of the large and important mission centers of the region is at Khandwa. This is a large railroad center with a population of about 10,000 or 15,000, and the Catholic Mission there is a very important part of the community.

In company with Dr. Samuel G. Higgins of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, I spent a number of weeks at Khandwa during the winter of 1938. We selected mission centers as headquarters for the clinics we gave in India because of the great confidence the natives have in the missionaries. In fact, one of the impressive experiences we had was to realize how like children these poor natives are, and how simple, mild and docile they become under the helpful sympathetic treatment they receive from the missionaries.

We arrived in Khandwa on January 2, 1938 from Bombay on the only air conditioned train in India. This train runs twice weekly between Bombay and Calcutta and is the finest train in the Orient. We reached Khandwa at 4 o'clock in the morning and Father Peter Braun, S.V.D., met us at the train. Immediately we succumbed to the kindly and sympathetic cooperation exemplified in this good man.

This center is situated in south central India and the climate is ideal except during the very hot summer months. During the time that we were there, which would correspond with our winter in the United States, the temperature during the day would reach 90° to 98°, but strangely enough would drop to 50° and 40° at night.

The S.V.D. Order owns this missionary center as it does all of the centers in the district. We had the great pleasure of meeting Msgr. Janser when he came to visit our clinic while we were there. Usually there are present in this mission at Khandwa a number of priests, as Khandwa is a railroad junction point for the area, and the various missionaries stop here a day or two while going to and from their assignments. Father Braun said to me confidentially that he suspected the priests did this in order to keep him poor, because naturally he was obliged to furnish their food as well as lodging! Father Francis Kolar was second in charge while we were there.

Immediately upon our arrival these priests did all that they could to make us comfortable and to help us arrange our clinic in shipshape order. Years ago there was a large school in the compound. This was not in use then and we lost no time setting up an operating room and clinic there. It also served nicely as a place for us to make our living quarters. Aside from the many rats, a few snakes and bats and myriads of mosquitos, we managed to be comfortable in this improvised lodging!

Some of the accompanying pictures of this article give an idea of how primitive our operating room was. Nevertheless we felt that we accomplished a great deal of good in this mission. Our percentage of good results was equal to, if not better, than at home, and our percentage of infections was considerably less. An average clinic day would bring us as many as 200 blind people for examination. About 25% of these offered a fair chance for good visual results following operations. Cataracts of course composed the bulk of the blind eyes, although we saw many children blind as a result of the devastation of

venereal diseases. We operated upon more than 200 cases of cataracts at this center, to say nothing of the many cases of eyes blinded from glaucoma and trachoma. A number of crossed eyes were straightened and numerous other types of eye surgery were done.

The many excellent results barely compensated for the sorrow we experienced because of our inability to help so many other cases of blindness. Perhaps the most distressing of all were the hundreds of little blinded children.

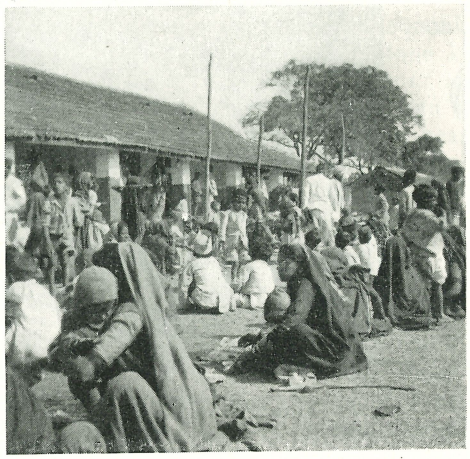
Yet altogether we had a happy time at Khandwa and feel that we did a great measure of good for these poor people. In addition to that there can be no doubt that the material and tangible evidence of help that we gave these people will no doubt redound to the enlargement of the missionaries' opportunities for expanding their spiritual work among the natives. In this connection a constructive comment on my part would be that a medical missionary in many areas is almost an essential part of the mission.

It would be presumptious on the part of a layman to express an opinion regarding the

"Our percentage of good results was equal to, if not better than, at home. . . ."

benefit of missionary work in a land like India. Without comparative knowledge of conditions elsewhere I can truly say that the hard work of the priests in this section of the Indore mission area bears fruit. This is evident on every side by the physical and spiritual improvement noticeable in the people. The type of Indian in which this missionary work is done is that of a depressed, fatalistic and disinterested individual. Soon after conversion to Christianity, a tremendous physical change takes place, as evidenced by their interest in their own and others' welfare and the improvement of their hygienic conditions and habits, and more than these, their cheerfulness and added interest in life itself. There can be no doubt that sooner or later there will be a great movement of these depressed people into Christianity. When this happens, woe to the caste system of India!

All of our time in Khandwa was not spent at work; we had lots of fun. The good priests are fine companions, and when duty does not call they are as willing and able to enjoy the finer pleasures of life as the best of folks. We were fortunate in that one of these priests was well



An average clinic day would bring us as many as 200 blind people for examination

acquainted with the Deputy Officer in charge of the Jungle Hunting Blocks of the Khandwa area. Permission was readily given to hunt in one of these areas because the missionaries vouched for us, and we had permit and license in one day. Ordinarily there would have been a great deal of red tape and delay in connection with the issuance of these permits.

We had plenty of fun on this trip. A government hunting lodge was placed at our disposal and we spent four days in the jungles of this area. Our results in game included many beautiful specimens of wild life. Carnivora may be destroyed without limit, but the rules regarding other harmless game are remarkably stringent and, by the way, are strictly enforced. We would do well in the United States to emulate India's regard for game laws. As in all British areas, laws are not unfair, but when they are on the books they are enforced.

There are no lions in India. Panthers, or what we would call leopards in this country, are plentiful, as are tigers. Wild boar is obtainable almost anywhere, though it is a dangerous animal when wounded, which makes that type of hunting hazardous. Peacocks are numerous and provide delicious food, perhaps the best I have ever tasted. Deer of almost every variety is plentiful. One should not go to India without provision to spend at least a short time in the jungle areas with a gun.

Finally the weather is worthy of mention. It

(*Continued on page* 71)

Father Damien before he went to Molokai, and shortly before his death.*

By
THE REV. FRANCIS LARKIN, C.SS.C.C.

It is the second of April in the year 1889. In a little whitewashed cottage on the island of Molokai, a leper is receiving the last rites of the Catholic Church. The cottage, which is poorly furnished, has but two tiny rooms. The plain rough board walls are decorated with a few holy pictures, while on some homemade shelves can be seen a small collection of books on various religious subjects. In a corner hangs a bridle and a saddle much the worse for wear. A few articles of clothing, some domestic utensils, and various pieces of homemade furniture complete the picture.

The dying leper is lying on a rough straw mattress, without sheets. Covering his emaciated body is a gaudy patchwork quilt, the only note of brightness in the otherwise drab surroundings. In back of him, on the wall, hangs a pair of well-worn rosary beads. Nearby, on a small table, lies a breviary which shows signs of constant use. The breviary belongs to the leper, for he is a priest—a famous priest, Father Damien De Veuster, the "Apostle of the lepers." *Kamiano,* the Hawaiians call him.

The day before, he had received Holy Viaticum from Father Wendelin, his assistant. Well he knew that death was approaching, for he himself had seen too many lepers die. "Look at my hands," he had said to Father Wendelin, "all the wounds are healing and the crust is becoming black—that is a sign of death, as you know very well. I have seen so many lepers die that I cannot be mistaken. Death is not far off. I should like to have seen the Bishop again, but God is calling me to celebrate Easter with Himself. May God be blessed!"

And now Father Conrardy, a diocesan priest who had come from California to assist him, is about to administer the Sacrament of Extreme Unction. His hand is resting on the top of the leper-priest's head. As he murmurs the prayers, he cannot help thinking how that once handsome face is now disfigured. Not a sound spot can he see on it. The whole countenance is covered with signs of leprosy, while the ears are swollen and distorted. Only the priest's black hair is intact, but even that is streaked with gray. Yet in spite of it all, Damien looked happy and contented. He was satisfied to go now, for others had come to take the burden from his once strong shoulders. God had blessed his last moments with the presence of two priests, one of them a member of his own dear Congregation of the Sacred Hearts; and the good Franciscan Sisters had come all the way from Syracuse to take care of his beloved orphan girls. Help in the form of money, clothing and food was coming in, even from far-off England. Then too, there was "Brother" Joseph Dutton, who would see to it that his cherished lepers, his orphan boys, would be properly taken care of after he was gone. Yes, he had much to thank God for; the work for the lepers was assured, and he was ready to meet his Maker.

Father Conrardy was anointing his eyes now . . . What a short time it seemed since they had

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first opened to the light of day in the little village of Tremeloo, in his beloved Belgium. They had often told him at home how on the very day of his birth, January 3, 1840, he had been carried to the village church to be baptised. How he would like to see the scenes of his childhood once more, especially his father's farm, where he had worked after leaving school. How proud his father had been of him, when at the age of fifteen he lifted two-hundred pound bags of grain with ease. "He was worth any four ordinary men," his father had said. But his eyes would never again look upon the waving fields of grain ripening in the sun. Nor would they see his parents again, until . . . It would not be for long now, for he knew that soon he would be saying goodbye to his poor lepers: he was going to join his parents in heaven.

Through his mind ran rapidly the different sights he had seen since that day in 1863, when he had said goodbye to his parents and homeland. What an impression the beautiful islands of Hawaii had made on him when, five months later, he looked on them for the first time. He remembered how awed he had been when he had gazed into the seething mass of lava in the crater of Kilauea, on the island of Hawaii, where he had labored for nine years before coming to Molokai. He remembered, too, the time he had found a native sacrificing to the goddess Pele at the edge of one of the volcanoes, and how he had taken the opportunity to give him a salutary lesson on purgatory and hell.

Little had he then dreamed that he would see sights on Molokai that caused the place to be known as "a hell on earth." During his sixteen years at Molokai among the lepers, he had seen every form of human misery, physical, mental and moral. Disfigured faces, deformed bodies and maimed limbs—these he had long since come to consider as everyday sights, without feeling the least repugnance even for the most advanced cases. Had he not for four years been as badly disfigured as the rest?

As Father Conrardy anointed his ears, he thought of that day in 1873, when he and his fellow missionaries had met their Bishop at the dedication of the new church at Wailuku. When he heard the appeal for a volunteer to go to Molokai as resident priest, he knew for certain that the premonition he had felt when he left his district of Kohala, that he would never return, was the voice of God calling him to his life's work.

The lepers had called him and he had heard their appeal. He had to listen to many such appeals during his stay on the island; appeals for clothing, for water, for food, for medical assistance, for decent places to live in, and above all for the cure that he could not give them. How often had he not heard their tales of woe, their joys and their sorrows, their last confessions, and too, had he not often had the satisfaction of hearing them tell him, when they were about to leave that valley of death, how happy they were to die as good Catholics? What consolation he found in the thought that death had lost its terrors for them, just as it had no terrors for him. He had taught them that death was the beginning of a new life, a life where there was no leprosy, no sin.

". . . whatever offenses thou hast committed through thy sense of smell." God alone knew what he had suffered through his sense of smell. Offering Mass in the crowded chapel had been for him a torture in the beginning, and hearing the confessions of dying lepers even worse. If he had ever offended by the misuse of that sense, surely he had long since expiated his fault. One had to live in and breathe that poisoned atmosphere to realize what it meant to work among the lepers of Molokai.

Father Conrardy made the sign of the Cross on Damien's puffed and swollen lips, those lips which had spoken so many words of kindness and consolation for the poor lepers. Sometimes he had found it necessary to be stern with those who resented his attempts at reform. But even these he had finally won over by his courage and good example. For Damien had not been satisfied with preaching charity and patience to his afflicted flock day after day in the lepers' native tongue, but had himself practiced what he preached. And his example had been contagious. That was why, as years went by, he had found his flock ever growing in size and in piety. With lepers dying on the average of two hundred each year, and most of them as Catholics, the number of times his lips had pronounced the formula of the Sacrament of Baptism, the words of absolution and the very prayers Father Conrardy was saying over him now, could never be counted. Yet Almighty God knew the good he had done as he performed his priestly office, and for every word there was to be an infinite reward in heaven.

Father Damien had many times thanked God for preserving the inside of his hands from corruption, for it had enabled him to carry on until the day he had been obliged to take to his bed. What a consolation it had been for him to have been able to offer up the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass to the very end of his life. Yes, God had been good to him. The fact that his fingers were still intact had given him the opportunity to finish up some of the many projects he had on hand, especially the new extension on St. Philomena's church. No doubt it had hastened his end, but then, one had to die sooner or later. It would be hard to leave his carpenter's tools, for they had been faithful friends. With them he

(*Continued on page* 74)

By

SISTER M. LAETITIA, S.C.M.M., R.N.

The scene is the compartment of an Indian railway carriage. Not all of the carriage is visible—my, no! When one travels in India, one takes not only a change of dress, but also a canvas case in which to put blankets, sheets and pillows, and perhaps another canvas case for a wash basin, besides a basket (or baskets!) of food and a jug for water. Now, Sister Alma Julia told us when she was en route to Pindi, a railway carriage may seat 17 persons! A mission play would be out of character with that much paraphernalia! So we shall take just enough "seat" (arranged longways of the car with a window behind) to accommodate a Medical Mission Sister, garbed in white, a plump Indian lady in her colorful *sari*, such articles of luggage as are suitable and available—and—*an orange!* The two passengers settle themselves. Sister smooths out her habit; her companion, whom we shall call "Bibi," has more important things to think about than possible wrinkles. A field of conversation lies before her; she takes the first step, with gestures accordingly.

BIBI: Have an orange.

SISTER: No, thank you. I have just had some tea.

B. What did you have to eat with it?

S. (A little nonplussed) Er, a—bread.

B. (That's settled—so forward, march!) What have you there?

S. An embroidered picture.

B. Where did you get it?

S. Some friends gave it to me.

B. (She believes in getting to the point) What friends?

S. Some Bengali nurses, whom I helped train. (This is not just pure patience; it is mostly experience. Sister has been in India some years—and done her share of traveling!)

B. What will you do with it?

S. (Just as matter of fact) I'm not quite sure yet.

B. (Well, that's that, so——) Do have an orange.

S. No, thank you.

B. (The line is advancing) What is in that box?

S. Eggs.

B. Where did you get them?

S. My friends gave them to me.

B. What did you give them? (Materialist!)

S. (Is about to say: I performed a minor operation. But this offers meat for too many details. So she becomes preoccupied in rearranging a bundle that a sudden jolt has displaced. Bibi takes the hint.)

B. (Solicitous) Are you sure you won't have an orange?

S. No, thank you.

B. (Surveys Sister's meager pile of luggage) Where have you been?

S. Out to a village.

B. (This is a real possibility) What for?

S. To see my friends. (Sister knows it would never do to get involved in explaining a "retreat"!)

B. (That wasn't so good after all. Maybe she had better try something else) Why do you wear clothes like that?

S. I am a Sister.

B. Do your friends wear the same?

S. Very similar.

B. Are they older than you?

S. Some of them are.

B. (Warming up) Where is your husband?

S. I have no husband.

B. Why not?

S. I am a missionary, and in our caste, those who work for God do not marry.

B. You have no children. (It is a statement—and that ends that. So again——) I wish you would have an orange.

S. No, thank you.

The scenery has been rolling by the window all this time: rice fields, men at work, buffaloes, an occasional village. It is passing more slowly; they are coming to a station.

B. Can we get *chha* (tea) at the next station?

S. I think so.

The scenery stops; the passengers lurch to show that the coach has come to a standstill. Through the window a sign is visible on which is a large picture of a cup and saucer, and under it is written: 1 anna. Thus is proclaimed to literate and illiterate that here tea is to be had for the equivalent of 2 cents.

B. Have we time to drink it?

S. Yes, the train stays here 15 minutes.

B. Will you have a cup?

S. (Politely) No, thank you. I had some a little while ago.

Bibi beckons to a vender, receives a cup, takes a sip, then another — then suddenly, *splosh!* And about three-quarters of the tea is deliberately thrown on the compartment floor. Sister has betrayed her surprise, and Bibi hastens to explain:

B. I thought the train was about to move.

S. (How can she be so placid?) No, not yet.

The voice of another vender is heard through the window.

B. (Listens, then turns to her companion) Will you have a *bishkoot?*

S. No, thank you. (Sister sticks to her story) I recently had tea.

B. (Thrusting her head through the window) *Bishkoot-alla, ekhane asho!* (Come here, biscuit-man!)

This transaction is likewise carried out over the window sill, and Sister finds herself, willy-nilly, possessed of a cold, greasy, fried pastry ironically mis-called a "bishkoot." There is nothing to do but accept with grace and eat it. Sister looks at her hostess. Poor thing! She needs the money herself.

B. (The victory has whetted her perseverance) Sure you won't have an orange?

S. Quite sure.

B. (Well, she's done her best, so back to the battle) What kind of missionary work do you do?

S. We care for the sick.

B. (Interested) My child has dysentery. What shall I do for it?

S. Take it to hospital. Find out what kind of dysentery it has, and get proper treatment.

B. (Impressed) Hmmmm-m. Maybe I will. (Scrutinizes Sister again) What is that thing you are wearing around your neck?

S. It is a crucifix.

B. (Giving a blanket order) Tell me about it.

As Sister leans forward, there is a sudden commotion outside on the platform. Voices and shouts drown out Sister's words, but her gestures show that she is speaking about Christ, who was born a Child and Who died—she holds up the crucifix and indicates the pierced hands, the pierced feet. It is evident that Bibi is interrupting her every now and then. A lurch. The train is in motion again. The scenery begins to pass by the window. The hubbub is left behind. Sister has finished. For a few minutes Bibi is silent. Sister is quietly relaxing. But the rhythm of the wheels seems to set Bibi's machinery in motion once more. There is almost a sprightliness in her question.

B. Won't you have an orange?

S. (You would think it was her first refusal, so gently does she smile) No, thank you.

B. Have all your Sisters faces like you?

S. (Ponders a bit) Well—not exactly.

B. (Emphatically) I have only seen yours for such a little while, but I shall never forget it.

Sister wonders just what she means. But the scenery is slowing up again. It is her station. She gathers her few bundles together. A jolt announces that the train has stopped. Sister starts off. Then we see her passing by the window. Bibi leans out.

B. Here, take an orange with you.

Suddenly there is a roar and scuffle, and those who know India can guess that about ten coolies have begun a tussle for possession of Sister's small bit of luggage. There is a single glimpse of Sister's determined face as it slips by with the scenery. The train is again in motion. Bibi begins to eat the orange herself!

(*Curtain!*)

Eye Surgery

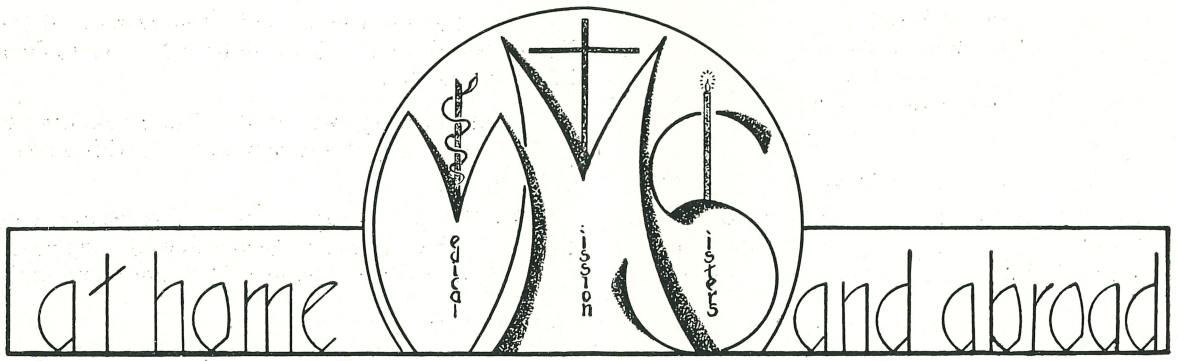
(*Continued from page* 67)

seems to be hotter in India than in any other country of the Orient, with the exception of Burma and Siam. For nine months of the year not one drop of rain falls, but during the monsoon season it rains every moment for three long months. During this season, lakes and rivers, overflow the country and it is then that water must be collected in artificial tanks and reservoirs for the entire remaining months of the year.

Sanitary conditions in India are so inadequate that they amount to practically no sanitation at all, even among the best of people and even in the largest cities. Malaria probably exists in 85% of the population. Venereal diseases in some classes and sections may exceed the percentage of malaria. Pandemics of intestinal disease destroy the people by millions. Sewage disposal still continues as a fertilizing agent for the agricultural areas with the expected and usual disease conditions following.

Maternal and infant mortality are higher in India than in any other country, and while child marriage is illegal, it is nevertheless practiced in many areas. Katherine Mayo's "Mother India" has been aptly described by Ghandi as a book which should be read by no one outside of India but which should be read by every native.

Truly the condition of the depressed classes is deplorable. Their lot in life is almost indescribably terrible and pitiable, yet there lies hope ahead and when the fulfillment of that hope arrives, as it unquestionably will, no small part of the reason for liberation, independence and Christianization of a vast nation will be due to the good priests of the S.V.D. Order of the Indore section.



Medical Mission House
Box 5021
Fox Chase, Philadelphia, Pa.

America

Medical Mission House
Box 4405
Brookland, D. C.

"Causa Nostrae Laetitiae"

You are cordially invited
to share in the
joy and happiness of our Feast Day
April 1, 1940
"The Feast of the Annunciation"

Since the Feast of the Annunciation fell on Monday of Easter week, this year, it had to be transferred to the first unimpeded day after the Easter Octave, which occurs on Monday, April 1.

The Annunciation is the Patronal Feast of the Medical Missionaries. The Society is dedicated to "Our Lady, Cause of Our Joy." The blue veils worn by the members are a special mark of this dedication. And the Annunciation was chosen as the Patronal Feast because "on that day Our Lady, by accepting the Motherhood of God, became the 'Cause of Our Joy.'" There is a certain fitness in the knowledge that, by the very circumstances of their vocation, a great proportion of the work of our Sisters is done among the mothers and children of the mission fields.

It is not a "birthday party" to which you must bring a gift; it is a "Feast day party" from which you take one—a share of the peace and wonder and joy which come from simple words: "Be it done unto me according to Thy word. And the Word was made flesh, and *dwelt amongst us.*"

St. Joseph, too

The Feast of St. Joseph, ordinarily celebrated on March 19, was also postponed this year on account of Holy Week, and will be observed on April 2. It will be a day of special thanksgiving in all the Medical Mission houses, for St. Joseph has always proved to be a loyal helper. But above all will it be kept with deep gratitude and solemnity in the Motherhouse in Philadelphia. Last year the house was in our possession, and two "pioneers" were busy doing the groundwork in the lengthy task of making it habitable. This year there is a real family to make his Feast Day memorable.

Congratulations

April 2 has also been set as the day for the consecration of Bishop-designate Joseph Corrigan, Rector of the Catholic University. May we extend our congratulations to one who has shown many kindnesses to a community which has grown up in the shadow of the University.

"Live and Let Live"

It was just before Easter that a bit of verse came into our mailbag. At first it seemed rather fitting for Lent, especially the final lines. And then again, the opening stanza seemed to emphasize a practical charity which should be the fruit of the season of penance. We have captioned it—

A PLEA FOR TOLERANCE

Why condemn
The artless skunk
For his righteous
Show of spunk?

Please recall
He Who made all
Knew just how
His creature stunk!

No "Double" Dealing Here!

Sister M. Rose, already well into the second half of her first year of preparation, is now a "veteran" on floor duty! One day work brought her into the children's ward. She came to little Harry Smith, aged about eight, who was tucked into a corner bed.

"Good morning, Mr. Smith," said she, giving his covers a pat, "and how are you this morning?"

"Mr." Smith sat up pertly. "Say, Sister, you can't say that to me." Sister looked surprised, so he explained very sagely: "I'm not married!"

India

Holy Family Hospital
Murree Road
Rawalpindi, India

Padriki Haveli
Patna City
Bihar, India

Mitford Municipal Hospital
Dacca, Bengal
India

Annual Report: Rawalpindi

From Sister Margaret Mary at Holy Family Hospital, Rawalpindi, comes the annual report of the progress of the work during the last 12 months. The records show the following figures:

Admissions	1,385
Total number of hospital days	13,884
Out-patients	20,011
Operations—(Total)	650
Major	78
Minor	572
Labor cases—(Total)	272
Normal	220
Abnormal	52
Deaths	82
Native Sisters in training	19

Besides this, the report notes that 190 "tickets to St. Peter" were issued during the year.

Amplifying this a little bit, Sister writes: "We are full of work of all kinds. New babies particularly have been keeping us busy—we had our 243rd this a. m., a lovely little girl, weighing five pounds, six ounces. Yesterday we had an eight and one-half pound boy!

"Admissions in December were already 12 more than we have ever had in an entire year before!

"Our Training School for Nurses and Midwives has just received its Government recognition for a further three years. One gets it for three-year periods only."

"Sticks and stones . . .

"...may break my bones"—but an earthquake is something else again! Sister M. Jude writes: "We had our first experience of an earthquake last week. It lasted between three and four minutes, and certainly gave one a queer sensation! My bed was moving back and forth like a rocking horse! As for the poor pictures on the wall, they had all they could do to hang on to their nails! But no harm was done—at least in our part of the country!"

Sister Pauline In Action.

Patna once more

From the Bishop's House in Bankipore comes a note from His Excellency, Bishop Bernard Sullivan, S.J.:

"They are here! The Medical Missionaries!

"They had a grand Christmas with Mother Medarda and the other Sisters of Mary Ward, and are now getting their house, chapel (the old cathedral) and dispensary in order. Tomorrow they will begin their rounds of visiting the people!

"The Sisters have already met some of the Fathers, and Father Superior, S.J., paid them a visit yesterday and has promised to make them a sort of examination table for their dispensary!

"Our native Sisters who are in Pindi also seem to be getting along nicely. They will be a real help to Bihar, so badly in need of good nurses."

'Nuff said!

The "some sort of examination table" is further explained in a note from Sister M. Laetitia:

"We have a lot of work to do before our quarters and dispensary are 'shipshape.' Father Loesch, S.J., is helping us to get things done as economically as possible. He is making us a wooden treatment table, and an O. R. table, too—also of wood. An Indian Major is paying for one, and Father for the other!

"And I need not add, if you have any spare pennies about. . . ."

Sister M. Bernadette would never be smiling so complacently if it were a case of mutiny! And so we claim it is just a belated "Alleluia" wafted over from Rawalpindi!

Due to postal regulations, letters from our houses in England and Holland have been sparse and brief. There is little to be said, except that things are going on "as nearly as possible, as usual."

But an interesting letter from one of our English subscribers arrived in time to be included in this issue.

"Will you kindly allow me to draw attention to a misleading statement on page 33 of the February number of THE MEDICAL MISSIONARY with regard to rationing in England?

"The passage I complain of states that 'butter, sugar, bacon and fats are rationed, a quarter of a pound a week allowed for each person. Coal also is rationed.' These quantities are not correct: From the beginning of the rationing period, in January 1940, the sugar ration has been *three* quarters of a pound per head per week. The amount of bacon at first was a quarter of a pound a week, but after two or three weeks the amount was increased to half a pound a week, owing to the large stocks of it in the country, and there are certain portions which can be obtained unrationed.

"The quantity given for butter, i. e., a quarter of a pound a week, is correct, but it is incorrect to say that other fats are rationed. Margerine, lard and other fats can be bought in any quantities required, and are not rationed. Hotels, restaurants and boarding houses have such a generous allowance of the rationed foods that they supply meals containing these foods without requiring ration coupons from their customers.

"Householders were allowed to purchase as much coal as they did in the previous 12 months until the unusually heavy snowfalls at the end of January made transport difficult, and the present restrictions will be removed as soon as weather conditions become normal.

"For some weeks I have worked as a voluntary clerk at the local Food and Fuel Office, so am able to send you all this information both as a worker and a householder."

Greater Love Than This

(*Continued from page* 69)

had put up cottages, built churches, erected schools and hospitals, and even made more than fifteen hundred coffins for the dead. Once he had written to his Bishop: "The work of a carpenter is pleasing to me." It had been pleasing to his patron, St. Joseph, too.

At last his feet were marked with the holy oils. Never again would they carry him from hut to hut on his errands of mercy. He had trodden the paths of duty for the last time, and now he was following in the footsteps of the Master Himself. His Way of the Cross had been long and weary too, but he had tried to bear his burden with patience and resignation, knowing that for him Easter Sunday was not far off.

And indeed, Father Damien did "celebrate" Easter Sunday with the risen Christ. For he gave back his beautiful soul to God on Monday of Holy Week, April 15, 1889. One of the last things he said was, "How sweet it is to die as a child of the Sacred Hearts!" Fittingly he has been called "A Martyr of Charity," for he died in the service of God and neighbor, a victim of his charity for the outcasts of society. Many beautiful tributes to his memory have been written, but none more fitting than that penned by Father John Bannister Tabb:

O God, cleanest offering
Of tainted earth below,
Unblushing to Thy feet we bring
"A leper white as snow!"

In Our Library

THE LIFE OF ST. ANDREW BOBOLA, JESUIT MARTYR-PATRON OF POLAND, *by Louis J. Gallagher, S.J., and Paul V. Donovan, LL.D. Bruce, Humphries, Inc. Boston,* 1939. 254 *pp. Illustrated.* $1.50.

The first part of this story of Andrew Bobola, the Jesuit who was martyred by the Cossacks in 1657, will probably not prove very interesting to the average reader. Little is known of the early life of the Saint, and for some years after his martyrdom (of which the Sacred Congregation said, "Scarcely ever, in fact we might say never, was so cruel a martyrdom reviewed by this Congregation") he was simply buried with other Jesuits in the crypt of the church and forgotten. In 1702 he appeared to the harassed rector of the Jesuit College in Pinsk with the words: "Why do you seek other patrons? I am Andrew Bobola, killed long ago by the Cossacks. I will be your patron." Then he requested of the rector that his body be moved to a place apart, and disappeared. There began a search for his body—a search which ended successfully only after he again appeared and directed the searchers to the exact location of his coffin.

> "If thou wilt, thou canst make me clean."
>
> **It was a beautiful prayer. He simply put his case in Christ's hands. He showed faith and restraint.—RUSSELL, *Christ the Leader.***

From then on the story is unfolded in gripping detail—the miracles, the confiding of the sacred remains to the Uniates only to have them fall into the hands of the Schismatics when Catherine II drove the Uniates from the Church; the attempts of the Jesuits to recover the body of the martyr and its subsequent falling into the hands of the Soviets in our own day, only to be finally transported to Rome, amid many dangers, by Father Gallagher; and then the seal of approval—the canonization of St. Andrew Bobola in St. Peter's on Easter Sunday, 1938.

Interwoven with the biography is the record of the influence of this Patron of Poland who, appearing to a Dominican in 1819, predicted that Poland, though crushed, would rise again as a nation.

The *Life of St. Andrew Bobola* throws a strong light on present day conditions in Europe, and the reading of it will prove helpful in any attempt to draw back the veil that covers the future of Poland and of her neighbors.

FINDING THE WAY, *by Ellin Craven Learned. The Parish Visitors of Mary Immaculate. New York City,* 1940. 107 *pp.* $1.00.

The author of this book is a convert from Anglicanism, who, on a visit to the Eternal City, had the good fortune to come under the influence of the saintly Cardinal Merry del Val. *Finding the Way* is an appreciation of the Cardinal's interest in the author's spiritual welfare. His helpful letters, his thirst for souls to present to His Divine Master, his gentleness with the soul steeped in error but his stern refusal ever to compromise with error itself, all picture for us the character of this brilliant Cardinal, Secretary of State under Pope Pius X, who beneath the external pomp attendant upon his high office, was humble, simple and unaffected.

The whole volume is permeated with a spirit of gratitude to God for the gift of Faith and thankfulness to His Eminence, who was the instrument in the Hands of Divine Providence in leading another soul into Peter's Bark.

BLAVATSKY, BESANT AND CO., *by T. M. Francis. Library Service Guild. St. Paul, Minn.,* 1939. 111 *pp.* 75¢.

Blavatsky, Besant and Co. is sub-titled "The Story of a Great Anti-Christian Fraud." The reader of this brief volume is astounded at the extent to which this fraud has made inroads on the minds of supposedly intelligent people. Having had a fling at life in England, on the continent and in India, its backers are seeking to strengthen its foothold here in the United States, and "theosophical lectures" have become quite the thing.

It would be well for all to read this brief expose of a false religion before its insidious and immoral beliefs obtain a hold on American life.

CHRISTIAN DENOMINATIONS, *by Vigilius H. Krull, C.PP.S.* 307 *North Locust Street, Ottawa, Ohio. Fifteenth edition,* 1940. 243 *pp.* 80¢.

The Fifteenth Edition of *Christian Denominations* has just come from the press. It gives information on the teachings of the Catholic Church as well as of the better known Protestant denominations, and refutes many errors in Protestant doctrine. The book is valuable as a reference book and might be used to advantage in study clubs as well as in high schools. Non-Catholics who are interested in knowing the teachings of the Church will find it helpful.

That 40,000 copies of *Christian Denominations* have been sold since the book first made its appearance is proof that it is a practical and reliable reference.

The Mission Clipper

IT'S NOT HARD TO SEE, if you just shut your eyes and let your imagination cooperate with words that are vivid and terse: "Every side street is barricaded so as to be impassable. We are in the famous 'Jacquinot Zone'—the area established at the instance of the Jesuit Father Jacquinot by both the Chinese and the Japanese as safe from military action. In every one of those side streets is a honeycomb of hovels overflowing with poverty-stricken Chinese. . . .

"We draw up in front of a large building which, except for its size, does not seem different from the poor homes around it. But the little boys who run out to meet us are cleaner than the average and their cries of *'Mou-mou, Mou-mou!'* show that they recognize the Catholic Sisters. We have arrived at St. Elizabeth's Hospital, where seven Franciscan Missionaries of Mary are 'on mission.'" This is just a tiny excerpt from just one of the cheerful homely letters of former C.S.M.C. members who are now serving in the field as religious, quoted in *The Shield* for March of this year.

* * *

To—Sister Mary Gabrielle
Convent of Mercy
46 High st.
Worcester, Mass.

Kaunak
Mar. 26, 1886
Molokai

V.C.J.S.

Kalawao, March 25th, 1886.

Sister Mary Gabrielle

Ma Soeur

Your kind letter of the 5th inst. is on hand and as you say, I am somewhat surprised though I suspected—that my name should before known to many sympathising Christian souls through the writings of our friend, Ch. Shoddard.

The terrible disease, which Almighty God permits to break out on me soon, was anticipated from my first arrival into this leper asylum 13 years ago, and voluntarily accepted beforehand, and I hope that, helped by the prayers of many, our Lord will grant me the necessary graces to carry my cross behind him on our peculiar Golgotha of Kalawao. So far my health permits me to do my regular service, as heretofore.

Not only I grant you the privilege to send me intentions for masses, but you will oblige me very much by doing so as to enable me to help along my 40 orphan leper children, and many other destitute lepers.

The surest way for sending me any remittance is by your post office—who issues—postal orders on the Honolulu General post office—this postal order, made out in my name, please put it in a simple envelope with your letter—on my address—and I will make the same all right here.

My reverende Sister M. Gabrielle—for money's sake I do not wish to become a beggard—but for the help of your fervent prayers—and of those of your Sisters and acquaintances please give me a share in them because our Divine Saviour has called me on a tedious and perhaps a long journey—not only my own salvation—depends on my perseverance in His holy service here but the Salvation too of many an unfortunate Sufferer in this—our life.

Your affectionate brother in the Holy Hearts of J. and M.

(Signed) Fr. J. Damien,
miss. Cath. priest, SS. C. C.

SPEAKING OF CHINA, *The Catholic Citizen* for February 15, 1940, quotes from *Cahiers Auxiliaires Laiques des Missions* "an interesting report by Miss Lo Seng Tso on education in China with special reference to the part played by Catholic education. This report was sent to the International Congress of the Junior Catholic Women's Leagues.

"There are, unfortunately, very few Catholic secondary and technical girls' schools except in the big towns. In 1920 the National and Protestant Universities accepted young women, and many follow University courses. But only in 1938 were young women accepted in the Catholic University of Shanghai and then exclusively in the faculties of Medicine and Law.

"Miss Lo Seng Tso herself was obliged to study in a Protestant University. She points out that naturally it is the Universities which lead progress in the country and influence the people, especially at the present stage of China's development.

" 'That is why this problem is tragic. As Catholics, should we not be in the vanguard and not always behind others? Nearly all the Chinese women's associations are pagan or Protestant.'

"Miss Lo Seng Tso adds that in Protestant schools and colleges the great majority of the staff are Chinese whereas in the Catholic schools hardly any teachers of the country are employed."

* * *

IT MIGHT PROVE A DRY BUSINESS to sit down and tabulate the number and distribution of Catholic mission hospitals. But if you are keeping a "Medical Mission Notebook," here are a few figures from *The Field Afar* for March: "During the past year, the Catholic population of the Belgian Congo increased 176,884. The present Catholic population numbers 1,944,376—not including 17,483 foreign residents. . . . There are approximately 600,000 children in Catholic schools, **524 Catholic hospitals, 102 leper homes,** and numerous other public assistance centers, all in charge of missioners. Bravo, Scheut Fathers!"

* * *

MARY IMMACULATE (March, 1940) also has some facts and figures for aforementioned

notebook: In the diocese of Colombo, Ceylon, the "hospitals number three with 1,479 beds, and dispensaries ministering to 1,215,500. Orphanages number eight, housing 1,303 children; there is a home for old men and a leprosorium for 700 lepers."

* * *

WE HOPE THE "SPROUT" of Father Frank J. Welzmiller, S.J., of Piro in Patna Mission, India, has developed a sturdy stem, as well as petals, now that winter is on the wane. Father writes in *Jesuit Missions* for March that Piro can now also boast "a budding dispensary that is giving the poor a chance for treatment in the many afflictions that want and insanitary habits bring upon them. The contacts insure the friendliness of both Moslems and Hindus here."

* * *

"TWO TA-MOTEES IS DEAD!" And Sister Augustine Marie was puzzled. Sister is one of the members of the Congregation of Holy Cross at St. Mary's Convent, Toomiliah, Bengal, India, who is working with the native Bengali Sisters, nine of whom have earned their R.N's at Holy Family Hospital in Rawalpindi. The announcement of the death of the mysterious "tamotees" was told Sister somewhat gleefully by one of the house-to-house visitors, who "are always ready to lend a helping hand . . . and . . . in their daily rounds have a vast field for doing good both spiritually and physically."

"This combination of English and Bengali," writes Sister in the March *Bengalese*, "meant to me: 'two tomatoes are dead,' and my mind raced wildly off to the garden where a few tomato plants were struggling against the adversities of warmth and weather. But I could figure no reason for hilarity over the fact that two of the plants had died. It all became clear when she went on to explain that she had given the name of Timothy (Ta-mo-tee!) to two babies whom she knew could not survive beyond a day or so . . . and now, they were dead!"

Bishop's House
Bankipore P. O.
Patna Dist., India
December 31, 1939

Dr. Anna Dengel,
Medical Mission Sisters
Fox Chase, Phil., Pa.

Dear Doctor:

Some time ago I sent a letter which might have been entitled "A Leper Dream" to the Sisters in Pindi, in the hope that at least the main idea might get into THE MEDICAL MISSIONARY.

I myself work in the Santal Mission Field, over a hundred miles from Patna City. However, I am at present in Patna City on a short visit and took the opportunity to meet Sister Laetitia and her assistant, who arrived here on the twenty-third of the month and are quite busy and happy at the work of their new foundation. I asked them to pray for my cherished leper project and to pray especially that we get some good Sisters to take up the work with us.

I have only one hundred dollars or thereabouts to start with, but I intend to make a humble beginning anyway, trusting in the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary to see us through. "Leperatorium of the Sacred Heart" will be its name. The need is great. It is our Lord's own in His least and most neglected and shunned brethren. His Heart will abundantly bless our efforts to satisfy it, and those of all the generous souls who help us. Of that I have no doubt.

I say that the need is great. It is great all over India, for there are lepers aplenty in every part of the land, but the need in the Santal Field is special, for we have quite a number of Catholic lepers.

If you cannot send Sisters to do this work, I trust you will lend it the support of your fervent prayers and those of your Community.

Yours devotedly in the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary,
(Signed) JOHN J. BRENNAN, S.J.

MISSION LITERATURE! What does this mean? "Men who dream of a vigorous, Church-wide movement for the conversion of the world long to see every Christian land blessed with many Georges Goyaus. We shall with difficulty develop a strong and sustained effort for missions until deep convictions on the apostolate have penetrated into the daily thought of all Catholics. This can come about only if those who form that thought are impregnated with a practical zeal to win all men. Toward this end there is need of mission literature—not merely the milk and honey of popular printed pieces, but the strong meat of at least a few soundly prepared studies which will serve as guides for our leaders." (*The Field Afar*, March 1940.)

* * *

FROM CAPE-TOWN, SO. AFRICA, *N. C. W. C. News Service* brings word that the first two Sisters of a new Congregation for Cape Colored women were professed at Parow in the presence of a large congregation. The Most Rev. Francis Hennemann, P.S.M., Vicar Apostolic, officiated, and the Apostolic Delegate to South Africa, His Excellency the Most Rev. George Gijlswijk, O.P., was present.

* * *

A NOTABLE TRIBUTE has been paid to the Catholic Church by a staunch Hindu, Sir C. P. Ramaswamy Iyer, Chief Minister to the Maharajah of Travancore, replying to an address presented by the Catholics of that State on the occasion of his sixty-first birthday, at Kuravilangad, India.

"For the translation into practice of faith and hope and charity, what is needed is an organization, tending to unity, tending to that strength which is born of unity. If Catholics typify anything, if Catholicism means anything, if it signifies anything, it signifies such an organization, such close-knit fellowship and union."

Mission Intention for April

"For Works of Charity in Mission Lands"

"Isolationism" on the part of the Catholic Church is impossible. The Church, apostolic by its very foundation and nature, is concerned intensively and extensively with the affairs of the Kingdom of God. It dauntlessly expends all its efforts in extending to all the world the realm of Christ. It consistently translates the Commandment of Charity, "Love thy neighbor as thyself," into an all-embracing compass of charitable action that heeds not race, creed nor color in reaching out to need. To reach the souls of millions, the Catholic Church builds its churches, mission chapels and parochial schools; it erects its institutions for the care of children, the aged, the sick and convalescent, the neglected and handicapped; it promotes social action through its lay organizations of youth and adults, its settlement houses, summer camps, clubs and residences; it engages in a multiplicity of social services through its vast number of professional religious and lay social workers and its great volunteer organizations of men and women, the Society of St. Vincent de Paul and the Ladies of Charity.

Most Catholics have a microscopic view of individual charitable endeavors and, perhaps, of the work of this or that organization. But to most Catholics, a telescopic view of the Church's colossal structure of charitable services, extending from the ice lands of the Arctic to the hot sands of Africa, would be a unique revelation. Knowledge of the world-wide outlay of foreign mission stations with their chapels, schools, orphanages, hospitals and dispensaries manned by a vast missionary personnel of Bishops, priests, brothers, sisters, catechists, teachers, doctors and nurses would afford an additional impressive panorama of activity. Perhaps, a very few Catholics know that all the mission activity of the Church is planned and supervised by the Sacred Congregation of the Propagation of the Faith—the executive department in Rome through which our Holy Father carries out his responsibility for spreading the realm of Christ. Under the jurisdiction of the Sacred Congregation, in 1938, there were something like twenty-one and a half million native Catholics and a foreign missionary personnel of 272,620. In the single year, 1938, their quest for souls was rewarded with conferral of the Sacrament of Baptism on close to two million individuals.

Despite the impressive progress in charitable endeavor, the works of charity are always undermanned and underfinanced. But bringing Christ, through the spiritual and corporal Works of Mercy, to those who know Him not is not reservedly the privileged duty of priests and religious. God has told us that we will bring our own evidence for His verdict on Judgment Day. We shall have to testify, to be sure, about the degree to which we have maintained the life of grace in our own individual personal souls. But we shall have to testify, too, about the things we have done for our fellow members in Christ. God warned us that He will apply the following ultimate criterion for placement at His right: "Come, ye blessed of my Father, possess you the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world. For I was hungry, and you gave Me to eat; I was a stranger and you took Me in; naked and you covered Me; sick and you visited Me; I was in prison and you came to Me." We shall be questioned directly: Were you your brother's keeper? How much love did you give to Christ? Loving Christ means that you dispensed a reasonable surplus of self and service for the good of Christ, your neighbor. The missionary land of the Church is wherever you look about you for the poor, the helpless, the lonely, the sick, the misguided—and the uninstructed in Christ are everywhere.

Each of us must give to the members of Christ's Mystical Body exactly that proportion of personal service that we would give to the Social Worker of Nazareth if He personally walked the earth today and personally solicited our stewardship. I, and all the other I's in God's Kingdom, must acknowledge that a certain proportion of my prayer, zeal, time, energy and money is the property of God, to be used in the affairs of the Kingdom of God. And my every act of stewardship to Him—be it prayer, acts of service or financial aid—however small, unheard of, and seemingly insignificant, wings its blessed way to God and there keeps covenant for my Last Judgment and for all eternity.—OLIVE J. GAGE, M.A., *Instructor in Child Welfare, National Catholic School of Social Service.*

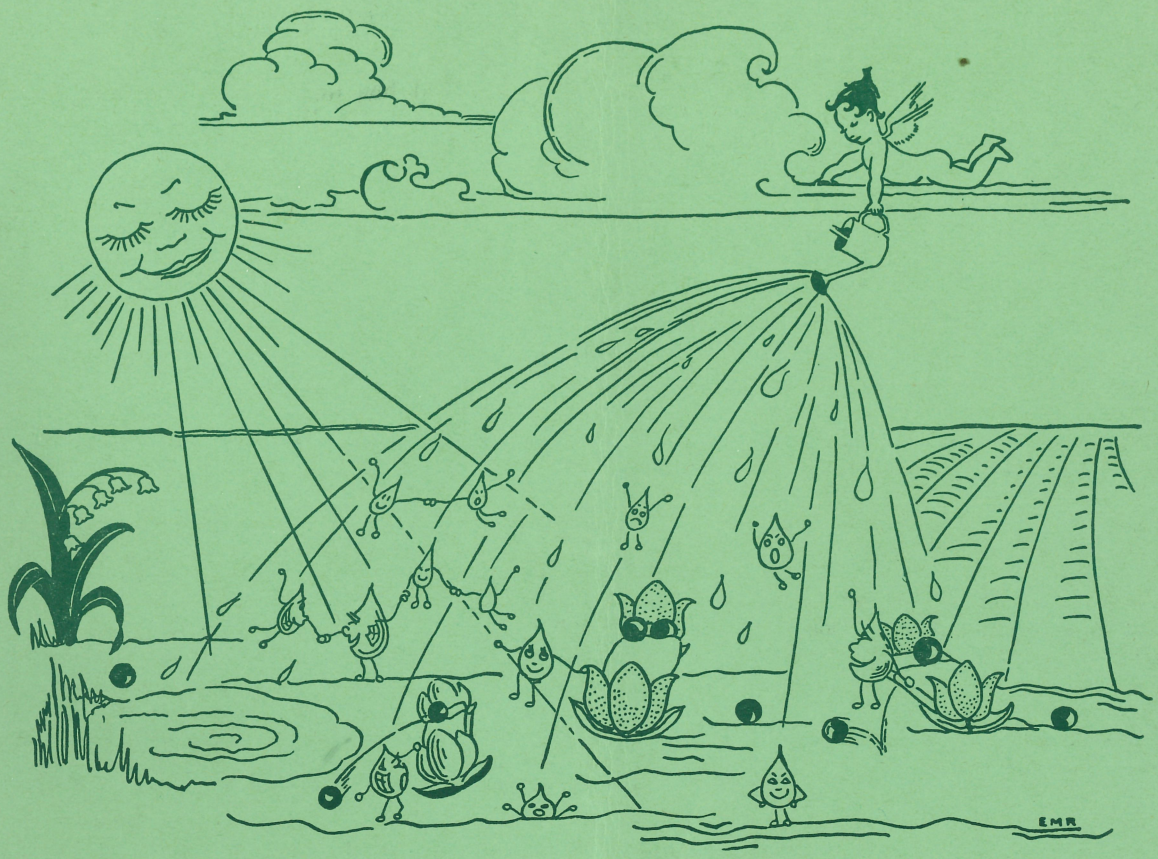
R. I. P.

Please pray for the repose of the souls of:

Mother M. Eleanore, C.S.C., Saint Mary's, Ind.
Sister Raphael, S.N.D., Washington, D. C.
Sister M. Genevieve Kelly, Hartford, Conn.
Sister Benedict Marie, Washington, D. C.
Mrs. Sarah Mooney, Scottdale, Pa. (Mother of the Rev. E. Vincent Mooney, C.S.C.)
John Chorley, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Dominic Burns, K.S.G., Hartford, Conn.

Eternal rest grant unto them, O Lord: and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace. Amen.

One Little Raindrop ---



--- All Alone

Could never wake the flowers;
If you'd have buttercups in May
You must have April *Showers!*
And showers are made of *lots* of drops
That come down, *one* by *one,*
A-holding hands and singing songs
And finding work is *fun!*
They skip and tumble through the air,
And splatter on the ground;
They wriggle down into the earth
Where all the seeds are sound
Asleep, and run around their cribs,
And clamber in their beds,
And crawl between the quilts and shout:
"My, but you're sleepyheads!"

A sunbeam couldn't squeeze down there—
He's much too round and fat,
But raindrops have their figures cut
For just such jobs as that!
And if the seeds are buried deep,
And sort of hard to find,
The last drops tell the first drops:
"Keep on going! We're behind
"Here to push you to the *last* drop!"—
That's the way they work together!
So that now you've seen *behind* the scenes,
You won't say: "*Donnerwetter!*"
When the rains come, and regard them
With a look of consternation,
But smile and say: "Just look at that!
"Streamlined cooperation!"

ONE LITTLE SUBSCRIPTION, all alone, would look mighty forlorn, too—but if you, and You, *and* YOU would all send one in—we guarantee it would make just the sort of a shower we'd like! It's the drops in the bucket that make a full pail! Remember, it is $1 for one year, $5 for six years. And the address is:

THE MEDICAL MISSIONARY
Box 4405
Brookland, D. C.

MEDICAL MISSION SISTERS

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

The Society of Catholic Medical Missionaries is a religious community of women founded in 1925 for the purpose of providing medical care to the sick in the foreign missions.

The Motherhouse and Novitiate are located in Fox Chase, Philadelphia, Pa. There is also a House of Studies in Brookland, Washington, D. C., and Houses of Postulate in England and Holland.

At present the Society labors in India, where the Sisters conduct hospitals, dispensaries, maternity and child welfare centers, training schools for native nurses and midwives, and similar health activities. It is the purpose of the Society to send Medical Missionaries to any mission field of the world. The Society has many requests; it needs many vocations.

For further information apply to:

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